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PERFECTION.

It is one of the commonest of remarks, that no woman, however handsome or beautiful, is free from some defect or blemish, which prevents her from being declared perfect. She has perhaps an ungraceful foot, a too large ear, a nose slightly aberrant from the Grecian or Roman standard, or some other trivial peculiarity to draw her back from heaven to earth. Very often, with an elegant general figure, the face is not good, or, with a lovely face, there is a somewhat ungainly figure. Always there is a *something*. But it is perhaps not quite philosophical to say, that, for such reasons, the woman is not perfect. We see of course that a particular individual wants some fine peculiarity which another has; but this is all. Unless there were some females possessed of all possible fine features, we could not strictly say that any one is defective from merely wanting one. Now, there are no individuals possessed of all the fine features; and, therefore, taking female figures as we find them, we can only say that such a person wants such a feature which a certain other person has. Perfection is thus shown to be a mere notion in our minds, formed by our *supposing* a collection of all fine features in one person. A realisation of such an idea in stone becomes of course a thing not in accordance with actual nature, but simply a fiction of the imagination.

We can, in like manner, form the idea of a human being perfect in mental constitution, by piecing together all qualities that we know to be good, and supposing them not to be interfered with or deranged by any of an opposite kind. But this idea is only a fiction of the brain. We see no such being in the actual world, any more than we see a figure or a face comprehending all good features, and neither less nor more than the proper amount of each. The law of nature on this subject appears to be, that, of the good features of both the bodily and the mental structure, there should be an unequal distribution, some being conferred in high and some in low endowment upon each person, scarcely any one at that medium which constitutes what we most approve of, and no two persons having the same proportions of any one of those features or elements, much less of the whole number; an infinite variety in personal and moral aspect being the general result. If it were supposed that there were a certain number of elements of mental character—say fifty, and that of each there were fifty different degrees of endowment from excessive to medium, and from medium to low; if it were further supposed that counters representing each degree of endowment of each element were put into a particular bag, thus making fifty bags in all; and if we could imagine each human being at first drawing a counter at random from each bag; we should have by no means an exaggerated notion of the endless varieties of mental endowment and tendency which exist in the constitution of the race, or of the utter unlikelihood of any one man or woman being found to possess any thing like a medium set of all the elements of character.

And not only is there so little chance of any individual being thus endowed at the first, but it appears equally beyond the power of any one to attain, by whatever exertion of will, that happy medium which constitutes our idea of perfection. Franklin and other good men have made the attempt in serious earnest to attain this ideal state, suppressing as far as they could every unrighteous tendency, and stimulating every lagging virtue; but no success attended their exertions. And when we think of the human character as an aggregate of elements selected in the way just described, we can very readily perceive how vain an effort it must be to stretch and pare, inflate and reduce, each various endowment, so as to bring all to a level

or a match. The grand perplexity is, that we have no sooner brought up some one element into activity, or reduced it into tranquillity, than we discover that we have only exchanged one mode of error for another, the golden mean still being apparently as remote as ever—or no sooner is one part of our conduct brought to a fair pass, than we find that meanwhile another, for want of due attention to it, is giving way. After having for a long series of years acted upon the virtuous maxims of industry and frugality inculcated in early life, it may be discovered that we have become worldlings and niggards. Or we may have compounded for one form of sensual indulgence, only to take freedom in another. It generally happens, that, where there is the most perfect exemption from the common run of vices, there are other faults of a character so enormous as to more than make up for it. There may be that pride in virtue which consists one part in self-admiration, and another part in contempt for our fellow-creatures. Or there may be an ambition which will trample on the necks of nations, and consign millions to death, in order to gain its purposes. Or there may be direct and ruthless cruelty. Robespierre and Napoleon were both of them much less liable to common vices than their contemporaries. An unusually austere virtue was indeed one of the prompting causes of that awful effusion of blood which has consigned the first of these names to immortal infamy. We have figures in our own national history, who combined the highest domestic virtues with qualities which proved ruinous to their country. It appears, then, that neither is it in the design of nature that any one being should be endowed at the first with a set of the human characteristics in perfection, nor is it in nature that any one should be able to affright his fellows by working himself into that monster which the world ne'er saw. All that nature allows, is, that, in imagination, we should be able to conceive the *idea* of that so-called perfect creature.

We can also suppose that the various characteristics might have been distributed equally, instead of unequally, throughout the mass. But if this had been the case, the result would have been one which we nowhere see in nature—an absurdity. The various characteristics are only such as they are, in consequence, apparently, of its being a part of the general design that their distribution should be unequal. If all men, for example, had had the same perfect degree of foresight, no one could have ever been unfortunate, and therefore there could have been no need, as far as the misfortunes of fellow-creatures are concerned, for that first-rate element in human character, benevolence. The field of operation of this sentiment would be still further abridged, if there were no resentments and severities, producing distresses which call for its exercise. If there were, in like manner, an unerring love of gain, and an incapability of falsehood, there could be no need for that strong conscientiousness by which we correct, punish, and solicit back to honesty and truth, those who go astray. Truth itself could have no praise if there were no falsity. Were there no offences, we should never see that most beautiful of all sights—a hearty forgiveness. Strength, without weakness to lean upon it; affluence, without poverty to be cheered by it; a far-seeing and intelligent mind, without others of less endowment and knowledge to enjoy and profit by its light; would all be anomalies in creation. There must surely be some design in these infinite varieties of havings and wantings in human character; have they not been designed as just so many various forms, like those in masonry, for building up the host of individuals into one social system, or as so many hooks and links by which we

are meshed together in inextricable mutual dependence and sympathy?

Perhaps these are truths which lie pretty near the surface; but yet it can never be superfluous to proclaim them. When we thoroughly know and acknowledge, as a truth of nature, that individual perfection is no part of the designs of providence, we must be the less apt to be ruffled by the short-comings which every one must see in his neighbours. When we further see that the short-coming of one has been designed as a means of calling into exercise the more liberal endowment of another, we must be the more ready to lend to our neighbours the counsel, the strength, and the prompting which their weakness requires. From false views of morality, the vices opposite to our own virtues are apt to excite only contempt and loathing; but here it must be seen that they have been intended only to give exercise to those virtues—that those virtues, in short, would otherwise have had no existence. It must then become apparent that, if we do not use our large gifts as a means of making up for the deficiencies of others, we do not fulfil our proper part in the world. The doctrine may even have a larger application. There are different endowments in nations as well as in individuals. Is it not reasonable, therefore, to suppose that there is some great social end still to be developed in that national diversity? Possibly those differences of colour and form, and general mental character, which now give rise to antipathies between races, and lead to the degradation of one immeasurably below the feet of another, have been designed ultimately to appear as rather a means of binding races the more fastly together in amity and concord.

GROUPINGS OF A WORKING MAN IN GEOLOGY.

BY HUGH MILLER,

Author of "The Traditions of the Cromarty."

SECOND ARTICLE.

I NEED not retrace the history of my first acquaintance with the glorious truths of geology, already detailed in a previous paper. My curiosity had been fully awakened. I had taken my first geological lessons amid the old red sandstones of the Cromarty quarries and the lias of Eathie, and had formed a small collection of rocks and fossils from the strata and the shore. My profession was a wandering one. I had been employed, for two seasons, among the basalts and coal-measures of the south of Scotland; I had wrought for three more in the primary districts of the remote Highlands; I had been an explorer of caves and ravines, a wanderer along sea-coasts, a climber among rocks, a labourer in quarries. What I now chiefly wanted was such a knowledge of system as might enable me to employ my facts, and such an acquaintance with the vocabulary of the science as would qualify me to record them.

I had at first some difficulty in conceiving how mere depositions of clay or sand should have hardened into vast beds of solid strata, but an early recollection served to lessen the wonder. Among the many springs that come gushing to the light along the sides of the hill of Cromarty, there is hardly one that is not of a petrifying quality. Grass and moss and nettle stalks of stone may be found beside a full score of them, and almost all the caves that open among the precipices are coated with stalactites. This I had discovered years before, and the object of more than one of my schoolboy excursions had been to procure some of the "pretty white icicles of marble that the water had made." Now, it did not strike me as a great deal more wonderful that the solid strata among which I

wrought should have existed at one time as mud or sand, than that grass and moss and nettle stalks should have been converted into stone.

I remarked further, that, in cutting most kinds of sandstone, there are what seem to be two different degrees of hardness in the same block; that it cuts with most ease in lines parallel to its bed in the quarry, and with most difficulty in lines rectangular to it. I found, too, that this arose from the peculiar structure of the stone, which is composed in most instances of minute particles of great hardness, bound together by a softer cement, and resting on their flatter sides in lines parallel to the line of the strata. Now, when hewing in the rectangular line, I had to cut through these harder particles, and when in the parallel one, merely to strike them apart by cutting through the cement; and thus quite in the way, that in making a horizontal fissure in a brick wall I had only to break through the lime, and raise a layer of brick from off their beds; while, in making a vertical one, I had to hew downwards through alternate layers of brick and lime. How was this peculiarity of texture to be accounted for? Only on the supposition that the strata had been formed on horizontal planes, where every harder particle settled on its side rather than on its edge, in the manner that slate or coin, or any other flat substances, rest on a floor when carelessly thrown upon it. When I therefore saw strata lying parallel to the horizon, I inferred that they still retained the position in which they had been formed; and concluded, when I found them raised on end, that their natural position had been altered. And the principle was the same, which, when in passing over a moor I saw a columnar mass of undressed stone laid at length on the surface, led me to think it unnecessary to account for its being there by any human agency; and to class it, when on the contrary I found it fixed upright, with the rude monuments of a former age.

All this, however, was but sailing along the shore. I met with a curious old book, a translation from the French, and bore out under its guidance into the open sea. But never before did poor voyager trust himself to so insane a pilot. The work was entitled *Tellamed*, or discourses between an Indian philosopher and a French missionary on the diminution of the sea, the formation of the earth, and the origin of men and animals; and it contained just enough of truth, in at least the earlier chapters, to give currency to its fictions. Despite of the author's absurdities, however, he had awakened in me a strong love of theory, which continued to influence me years after I had ceased to believe in his book, and it was not long ere I found ample occasion to exercise it.

There was among my acquaintance of this period an old school-fellow, who was attending the classes at college, and who used occasionally to whet my curiosity with odds and ends of science borrowed from the lectures of his professors. I showed him the shells and lignites I had brought from Eathie; he had seen such in the College Museum, and had learned regarding them that they constituted the strange records of a bygone creation, of which not so much as a single plant or animal continued to exist. How strange the conception! It filled my imagination with visions of the remote past, that teemed with a wild poetry, and invested the subject of my studies with an obscure and terrible sublimity that filled the whole mind.

I was in the middle of the dreams it occasioned, when I stumbled by some rare chance on a number of the *Edinburgh Review*; I say rare chance, for seldom at this period did I meet with a book that had not been at least fifty years in print.* It was the number for October 1813, and contained, in a critique on Van Buch's *Travels in Norway*, a concise abstract of the geological system of Werner. Nothing could be more wildly hypothetical, not even the strange fancies of *Tellamed* himself. Wild as it was, however, it presented me with such a nucleus, as, according to its own showing, the inner mass of the earth must have formed, when the materials of the external crust were suspended in the ocean over it—a nucleus on which all my previously acquired facts might precipitate and crystallise. It taught me, too, how to classify the various rocks under their two grand divisions of primary and secondary, and set me a-thinking in a new track. The belief that the motions of the heavenly bodies are

regulated by other laws than those which obtain on earth, served as a sort of licence to the old astronomers to speculate amid their cycles and epicycles as wildly as they chose. The very first assumption in the system of Werner rendered me nearly as independent of the fixed principles which I saw operating around me, as any old astronomer of them all. It led me to conceive the primary ocean as a mass of fluid stone—and yet as a mass rather watery than molten, seeing that, according to the theory, it owed none of its fluidity to heat. But what sort of an ocean could this have been? I had watched when a boy the herring-curers of Cromarty preparing brine for their fish. I had marked the fluid increasing in density as the salt dissolved, until the egg employed in testing the preparation, and which had at first lain heavily at the bottom, came floating to the top. It had not escaped me, however, that there is a certain point beyond which the gravity of the mixture cannot be increased, and that after the testing body has risen to the surface, whatever additional salt may be added, becomes indissoluble, and sinks to the bottom. But how could I conceive any such last degree of saturation in the primary ocean, seeing that its main characteristic, as introduced to me by the system, was an enormous and preternatural density. I could set no bounds to the gravity of an element which had contained, in a state of chemical solution, the whole materials of the earth's crust, from where the diluvium overlies the newer formations, to where the granite rests on the unknown nucleus beneath. True it was that it could not have been more ponderous than the stony matter which it precipitated; but, then, on the other hand, it might have been very little less so.

This inference, whether correctly deduced from the system, or otherwise, led me into a rather curious speculation. I had been employed ere now in well nigh half the quarries of the district, and had ascertained that each had its own variety of sandstone, which I could at once distinguish from all the sandstones of the others. Nay, in some instances I have found beds of very opposite qualities only a few yards apart—beds dissimilar in colour, in their degree of hardness, in the dip and direction of their strata, and withal so completely disjoined, that I could compare them to only the pieces of a dissected map. I had repeatedly attempted, though in vain, to account for this phenomenon, but the stony ocean of Werner furnished me with a solution at once. After the breaking up of a severe frost, I have seen floats of ice which had been formed perhaps miles apart, lying stranded together on the same narrow tract of beach. I had seen in the previous winter the porous snowy-looking masses which had formed over the brackish waters of an estuary, the browner covering of a massy pool, and the hard glassy sheets which had bound up the surface of a lake, all grounded side by side on the shore of one little bay. And might it not have been thus, I asked, with the sandstone beds whose striking dissimilarities of colour and texture had puzzled me so much? Might not they also have been formed far apart, and after some signal convulsion had first broken them up, might they not have been carried away by the waters of the primary ocean, to be stranded where we now find them? True, ere their first formation, even these waters must have lost much of their earlier weight; but if powerful currents in our own times can transport vast masses of rock to great distances, how much more might we not expect from the ocean of Werner, though deprived of even half its original density!

A theory of a man's own forming is always much a favourite with him, and if unsuited to live abroad, he takes all the more care of it at home. It was the fate of this theory, however, though it amused me at the time, to die almost in the forming. I had barely completed it, when a brief paragraph in the Scotsman newspaper showed me that there is a school of geology opposed to that of Werner—a school in which the agency of fire is made to occupy at least as prominent a place as that of water; and though the paper contained little more than a hint on the subject, it had the effect of destroying my short-lived faith in the ocean of fluid stone. It is wonderful how whole hoards of observation, if they lie outside a favourite system, may be suffered to accumulate unnoticed in the bye corners of the mind, as little better than rubbish. It is scarcely less wonderful how suddenly the introduction of a single new principle can raise them into importance and value. My imperfect acquaintance with the system of Werner had left me an immense heap of residual facts, which I could make no use of whatever; my still more imperfect acquaintance with the system of

Hutton furnished me with employment for them all. The hill of Cromarty is composed of an immense mass of gneiss, traversed by veins of quartz and granite, and lined by huge blocks of hornblende. The strata in some places assume a nearly vertical position. They are bent and twisted in others in almost every complexity of form, and yet retain their average thickness, even where their bends and curves are most abrupt—a proof surely that they could not have been so bent when forming on their beds. The hornblende, too, assumes in some places an appearance not very unlike that of the scoria of a glass-house; and how account for the fact, that the more modern gneiss—more modern, if, according to Werner, every successive layer of rock is a deposition from above—should be traversed by veins of the more ancient granite? I had thought nothing of all this before; I could now think of little else. I saw indeed that the several quarries in which I had wrought might be assigned to Werner, but the rocks of the hill were decidedly the property of Hutton.

The first fruit of this chance acquisition was a new theory. Cromarty is situated in nearly the middle of a vast tract of secondary rock, through the centre of which there runs for more than twenty miles a rectilinear chain of primary hills. The hill of Cromarty is one of these. On the eastern side they are bounded by the depths of the Moray Firth, on the western the sandstones of the district lean against them in very high angles, or lie trampled and broken at their bases in every complexity of derangement. What more evident than that these primary masses had been forced wedge-like from below, through the secondary crust? And what other agency than that of fire and the expansive energy of steam could have produced this wonderful result?

A trader who had risen by his own exertions from comparative poverty to great wealth, used to remark that he had found more trouble in making his first thousand pounds, than in making all the rest. It is always thus with the student who has to force a way for himself from the lower levels of intelligence. He finds more of difficulty in the first few stages than in all the stages that come after. I read the little all on geology that came in my way; I examined every rock and stone and quarry; and the mingled mass of fact and opinion which I had thus gradually acquired, and which had been at first, like the chaos of Ovid, in a state of perpetual change, began at length to settle and consolidate, and to increase in amount, far beyond the earlier ratio, with every new acquisition. A chance paragraph served at times to give importance to whole hoards of fact and observation that had lain in the memory for years, without producing any thing. I have found shells and corallines in the mountain limestone of Linlithgowshire, and *equisetum* and *calamites* in a quarry amid the coal-measures of Mid-Lothian; but though they engaged me at the time, it was not until I had ascertained the group to which they belonged, and learned some of its wonderful history, that they interested me most. The shells and lignites, too, which I had found in the white soft sandstones of Sutherlandshire, and the bituminous shales of Eathie, grew strangely into importance when I became aware that the strikingly marked fossils of the sandstone belong to the *colite*, and those of the shale to the *lias*. I still remember the pleasure I felt on being first brought acquainted with the geological scale, as laid down by the best authorities, and on becoming skilful enough to ascertain that there occur vast gaps in the geology of my native district—the *lias* resting on the old red sandstone, and that on the granite gneiss. But still greater was my pleasure, when, after discovering in one of my rock excursions, that some of the upper beds of the old red sandstone abound in fossil remains—mostly fish—I found that the discovery was as new to some of the most respectable geologists in the kingdom as it had been to myself. Geology is still in that early stage, and it derives some of its interest from the fact, that the humblest observer may repay the pleasure he owes to it, by adding to the data from which it reasons and infers.

I may state briefly, ere I conclude, a few of the results of so long a course of inquiry; they are mostly of that obvious class, which, to be understood, require only to be enumerated. I may mention the pleasure to be derived from the continual exercise of the mental faculties; the exciting influence of a curiosity, which, the more it is gratified, still strengthens the more; and the ability of investing the commonest objects around us with all that interest of novelty which the traveller attaches to the productions of foreign climates. It is something, too, to have learned from experience that truth is more wonderful than even the wildest dreams of fiction. My course of geological reading, if course it may be termed, began with an ingenious though somewhat absurd romance, filled with the most improbable stories of sea men and women, and of men furnished, like those of Monboddo, with tails. It terminates for the time with the admirable treatise of Dr Buckland—a work written with the strictest regard to fact, and in a calm and philosophical spirit, and yet filled with narratives, not merely more striking than those of the romance, but more marvellous even than the wildest fairy tales. It is surely by steps like

* [We have here, unconsciously on the part of the writer, a most expressive proof of the rarity of copyright books among the common people. They only can afford the reprints of old books, and are thus apt to be at all times a half century behind the rest of the community in intelligence.]

these that the humble and toil-worn labourer is enabled to elevate himself in the scale of rational beings, and to derive positive mental enjoyment of an enduring kind from pursuits which in ordinary circumstances are only productive of pain, or viewed with apathetic indifference.

MARY OF BUTTERMERE.

IN the latter part of the year 1802, the sympathies of the public were much excited in behalf of a poor girl named Mary Robinson, the daughter of a small inn-keeper on the banks of the Lake Buttermere in Cumberland, who had become the victim of a remarkable imposture, and, to heighten the interest excited in her behalf, was reported to be both young and beautiful. To quote a paper by the *English Opium-Eater*, which appeared a few years ago in a popular magazine—"When Coleridge first settled at the lakes, or not long after, a romantic and somewhat tragical affair drew the eyes of all England, and, for many years, continued to draw the steps of tourists, to one of the most secluded Cumberland valleys, so little visited previously, that it might be described almost as an undiscovered chamber of that romantic district. Coleridge was brought into a closer connection with this affair than merely by the general relation of neighbourhood; for an article of his in a morning paper, I believe, unintentionally furnished the original clue for unmasking the base impostor who figured as the foremost actor in this tale. Other generations have arisen since that time, who must naturally be unacquainted with the circumstances; and, on their account, I shall here recall them.

One day in the lake season, there drove up to the Royal Oak, the principal inn at Keswick, a handsome and well-appointed travelling carriage, containing one gentleman of somewhat dashing exterior. The stranger was a picturesque-hunter, but not of that order who fly round the ordinary tour with the velocity of lovers posting to Gretna, or of criminals running from the police; his purpose was to domicile himself in this beautiful scenery, and to see it at his leisure. From Keswick, as his head-quarters, he made excursions in every direction amongst the neighbouring valleys; meeting generally a good deal of respect and attention, partly on account of his handsome equipage, and still more from his visiting-cards, which designated him as 'the Honourable Augustus Hope.' Under this name he gave himself out for a brother of Lord Hopetoun's, whose great income was well known, and, perhaps, exaggerated amongst the dalesmen of northern England. Some persons had discernment enough to doubt of this; for the man's breeding and deportment, though showy, had a taint of vulgarity about it; and Coleridge assured me that he was grossly ungrammatical in his ordinary conversation. However, one fact, soon dispersed by the people of a little rustic post-office, laid asleep all demurs; he not only received letters addressed to him under this assumed name—that might be through collusion with accomplices—but he himself continually franked letters by that name. Now, that being a capital offence, being not only a forgery, but (as a forgery on the post-office) sure to be prosecuted, nobody presumed to question his pretensions any longer; and, henceforward, he went to all places with the consideration attached to an earl's brother. All doors flew open at his approach; boats, boatmen, nets, and the most unlimited sporting privileges, were placed at the disposal of the 'Honourable' gentleman; and the hospitality of the whole country taxed itself to offer a suitable reception to the patrician Scotsman.

Nine miles from Keswick, by the nearest bridle road, but fourteen or fifteen by any route which the honourable gentleman's travelling carriage could have traversed, lies the lake of Buttermere. Its margin, which is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountains, exhibits on either side few traces of human neighbourhood; the level areas, where the hills recede enough to allow of any, is of a wild, pastoral character, or almost savage; the waters of the lake are deep and sullen; and the barrier mountains, by excluding the sun for much of his daily course, strengthen the gloomy impressions. At the foot of this lake (that is, at the end, where its waters issue) lie a few unornamented fields, through which rolls a little brook-like river connecting it with the larger lake of Crummock; and at the edge of this miniature domain, upon the road-side, stands a cluster of cottages, so small and few, that, in the richer tracts of the islands, they would scarcely be complimented with the name of hamlet. One of these, and I believe the principal, belonged to an independent proprietor, called, in the local dialect, a 'Statesman'; and more, perhaps, for the sake of gathering any little local news, than with much view to pecuniary profit at that era, this cottage offered the accommodations of an inn to the traveller and his horse. Rare, however, must have been the mounted traveller in those days, unless visiting Buttermere for itself, for the road led to no farther habitations of man, with the exception of some four or five pastoral cabins, equally humble, in Gategarth dale. Hither, however, in an evil hour for the peace of this little brotherhood of shepherds, came the cruel spoiler from Keswick. His errand was to witness or to share in the char-fishing; for in Derwentwater (the lake of Keswick) no char is found, which breeds only in the deeper waters, such as Windermere, Crummock, Buttermere, &c. But whatever had been his first

object, that was speedily forgotten in one more deeply interesting. The daughter of the house, a fine young woman of eighteen, acted as waiter. In a situation so solitary, the stranger had unlimited facilities for enjoying her company, and recommending himself to her favour. Doubts about his pretensions never arose in so simple a place as this; they were overruled before they could well have arisen, by the opinion now general in Keswick that he really was what he pretended to be; and thus, with little demur, except in the shape of a few natural words of parting anger from a defeated or rejected rustic admirer, the young woman gave her hand in marriage to the showy and unprincipled stranger. I know not whether the marriage was, or could have been, celebrated in the little mountain chapel of Buttermere. If it were, I persuade myself that the most hardened villain must have felt a momentary pang on violating the altar of such a chapel, so touchingly does it express, by its miniature dimensions, the almost helpless humility of that little pastoral community to whose spiritual wants it has from generation to generation administered. It is not only the very smallest chapel by many degrees in all England, but is so mere a toy in outward appearance, that, were it not for its antiquity, its wild mountain exposure, and its consecrated connection with the final hopes and fears of the adjacent pastoral hamlet—but for these considerations, the first movement of a stranger's feelings would be towards merriment; for the little chapel looks not so much a mimic chapel in a drop scene from the Opera House, as a miniature copy from such a scene; and evidently could not receive within its walls more than a half dozen of households. From this sanctuary it was—from beneath the maternal shadow, if not from the altar of this lonely chapel—that the heartless villain carried off the flower of the mountains."

The marriage took place on the 2d of October 1802,† and a romantic account of it found its way almost immediately into the newspapers. It thus fell under the notice of various individuals in Scotland, who knew that Colonel Hope, who was said to have married the Flower of Buttermere, had been abroad the whole summer, and was now residing in Vienna. Mr Charles Hope, then Lord Justice Clerk, and now President of the Court of Session (a son-in-law of the Earl of Hopetoun), had, we believe, a chief share in making this fact known, and prompting the inquiries which led to the detection of the imposture. Judge Harding, who lived near Buttermere, and who was acquainted with the real Colonel Hope, having some suspicion of the imposture, sent a servant with a letter addressed to Colonel Hope, desiring to see him. When the servant was introduced to the impostor, he exclaimed, "There is some mistake; this is not Colonel Hope," whereupon the fellow said, with the greatest coolness, "The letter is not for me, but my brother." This was within three weeks of the marriage. He was then taken into custody by a constable, but allowed to fish on the lake.

By the aid, it was supposed, of the boatmen who accompanied him in his sports, he made his escape through the gap of Borrodale, probably passing over the Stale, the tremendous Alpine pass which leads into Langdale. Besides blighting the prospects of the poor girl, he had nearly ruined her father by running up a debt of eighteen pounds. His dressing-case, a very elegant piece of furniture, was left behind, and, on being opened at Keswick by warrant of a magistrate, was found to contain every article that the most luxurious gentleman could desire, but no papers tending to discover his real name. Afterwards, Mary herself, searching more narrowly, discovered that the box had a double bottom, and, in the intermediate recess, found a number of letters addressed to him by his wife and children, under the name of Hadfield. The story of the detection immediately became as notorious as the marriage had been, and a good deal of information was soon obtained respecting this extraordinary swindler. He had been engaged in the American war, and was wont to boast of his exploits as a soldier. About a twelvemonth before his marriage to Mary, he had contrived, by insinuating manners and false pretences, to get admission to a mercantile firm at Tiverton in Devonshire. He had afterwards visited London several times, and obtained credit from a number of the first merchants. But bankruptcy overtook him, and he had fled from Devonshire, leaving his wife and two children behind him. As a fugitive from the commission of bankruptcy taken out on this occasion, he was already a felon. It was afterwards ascertained that he had acted as a swindler thirty years before his last offence—a circumstance which shows that youth could not have been among the attractions by which he gained the heart of Mary Robinson. Seven years of this period had been spent in Scarborough jail. There were three other ladies at the lakes, who had formed hopes of becoming his bride, in consequence of the attentions he had paid them; and there was an honest country gentleman, who, imposed upon by his fluent and plausible style of speech, and by the pretensions he made

to piety, had recommended him to the electors of Queenborough as their representative in parliament.

The indignation excited by his adventure at Buttermere, caused a very diligent search to be made for him, but for some weeks it was ineffectual. During this interval he appeared in Chester, but so effectually disguised, that, though known to many persons there, no one recognised him. At length, about the end of November, he was taken by a Bow Street officer at Brecknock in Wales, and carried to London. On the way thither, and afterwards during his examinations, he maintained a quiet plausible demeanour, affecting to consider himself as a persecuted individual, and representing, in particular, that, in the alliance with Mary Robinson, he had been rather sinned against than sinning. Mary, on the other hand, who was now announced to be likely to bear a child to her pretended husband, refused to become accessory to his prosecution. The utmost she could be prevailed on to do against Hadfield was to address the following letter to Sir Richard Ford, of the Bow Street Office:

"The man whom I had the misfortune to marry, and who has ruined me and my aged and unhappy parents, always told me that he was the Hon. Colonel Hope, the next brother to the Earl of Hopetoun.—Your grateful and unfortunate servant,

MARY ROBINSON."

At a fourth examination of the impostor, on the 27th of December, this letter was read aloud by the clerk, in the open court. To quote a contemporary chronicle—"The simplicity of this letter, which, though it breathes the soft murmur of complaint, is free from all virulence, excited in the breast of every person present an emotion of pity and respect for the unmerited sorrows of a female, who has, in this whole matter, manifested a delicacy of sentiment and nobleness of mind infinitely beyond her sphere of education. The feelings of Hadfield could not be envious; yet he exhibited no symptom of contrition, and, when remanded for further examination, retired with the most impenetrable composure."

Hadfield was tried at the Carlisle spring assizes, on the charge of forging franks, which was the clearest that could be brought against him. Being found guilty, he was left for execution, and executed accordingly. To pursue the narrative of the *English Opium-Eater*:—"On the day of his condemnation, Wordsworth and Coleridge passed through Carlisle, and endeavoured to obtain an interview with him. Wordsworth succeeded; but, for some unknown reason, the prisoner steadily refused to see Coleridge; a caprice which could not be penetrated. It was true that he had, during his whole residence at Keswick, avoided Coleridge with a solicitude which had revived the original suspicions against him in some quarters, after they had generally subsided. But for this, his motive had then been sufficient: he was of a Devonshire family, and naturally feared the eye or the inquisitive examination of one who bore a name immemorably associated with the southern part of that county. Coleridge, however, had been transplanted so immaturely from his native region, that few people in England knew less of its family connections. That, perhaps, was unknown to this malefactor; but at any rate he knew that all motive was now at an end for disguise of any sort; so that his reserve, in this particular, was unintelligible. However, if not him, Coleridge saw and examined his very interesting papers. These were chiefly letters from women whom he had injured, pretty much in the same way and by the same impostures as he had so recently practised in Cumberland, and, as Coleridge assured me, were in part the most agonising appeals that he had ever read to human justice and pity. Great was the emotion of Coleridge when he recurred to his remembrance of these letters, and bitter—almost vindictive—was the indignation with which he spoke of Hadfield. One set of letters appeared to have been written under too certain a knowledge of his villany to whom they were addressed; though still relying on some possible remains of humanity, or perhaps (the poor writer might think) on some lingering relics of affection for herself. The other set was even more distressing; they were written under the first conflicts of suspicions, alternately repelling with warmth the gloomy doubts which were fast arising, and then yielding to their afflicting evidence; raving in one page under the misery of alarm, in another courting the delusions of hope, and luring back the perfidious deserter—here resigning herself to despair, and there again labouring to show that all might yet be well. Coleridge said often, in looking back upon that frightful exposure of human guilt and misery—and I also echoed his feeling—that the man who, when pursued by these heart-rending apostrophes, and with this litany of anguish sounding in his ears, from despairing women, and from famishing children, could yet find it possible to enjoy the calm pleasures of a Lake tourist, and deliberately to hunt for the picturesque, must have been a fiend of that order which fortunately does not often emerge amongst men. It is painful to remember that, in those days, amongst the multitudes who ended their career in the same ignominious way, and the majority for offences connected with the forgery of bank notes, there must have been a considerable number who perished from the very opposite cause, namely, because they felt, too passionately and profoundly for prudence, the claims of those who looked up to them for support. One common scaffold confounds the most flinty hearts and the tenderest. However, in this instance it was in

* See article "Samuel Taylor Coleridge," *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, October 1854.

† Not in Buttermere chapel, as surmised by Mr De Quincy, but in the church of Loughton, near Keswick. No one will regret that Mr De Quincy surmised that the ceremony might have taken place at Buttermere, as his description of the chapel is highly characteristic of the chief scene of this notable imposture.

some measure the heartless part of Hadfield's conduct which drew upon him his ruin: for the Cumberland jury, as I have been told, declared their unwillingness to hang him for having forged a frank; and both they, and those who refused to aid his escape, when first apprehended, were reconciled to this harshness entirely by what they heard of his conduct to their injured young fellow-countrywoman.

She, meantime, under the name of the Beauty of Buttermere, became an object of interest to all England: dramas and melo-dramas were produced in the London theatres upon her story; and for many a year afterwards, shoals of tourists crowded to the secluded lake, and the little homely cabaret, which had been the scene of her brief romance. It was fortunate for a person in her distressing situation, that her home was not in a town: the few and simple neighbours who had witnessed her imaginary elevation, having little knowledge of worldly feelings, never for an instant connected with her disappointment any sense of the ludicrous, or spoke of it as a calamity to which her vanity might have co-operated. They treated it as unmix'd injury, reflecting shame upon nobody but the wicked perpetrator. Hence, without much trial to her womanly sensibilities, she found herself able to resume her situation in the little inn; and this she continued to hold for many years. In that place, and that capacity, I saw her repeatedly, and shall here say a word upon her personal appearance, because the Lake poets all admired her greatly. Her figure was, in my eyes, good; but I doubt whether most of my readers would have thought it such. She was none of your evanescent, wasp-waisted beauties; on the contrary, she was rather large every way; tallish, and proportionably broad. Her face was fair, and her features feminine; and unquestionably she was what all the world have agreed to call 'good-looking.' But, except in her arms, which had something of beauty, and in her carriage, which expressed a womanly grace, together with some slight dignity and self-possession, I confess that I looked in vain for any positive qualities of any sort or degree."

A person who visited Cumberland in 1820, found Mary then united to a respectable farmer, and, "unfortunately for her poetical fame, 'fat and well-looking,' and without anything in her appearance which might lead to the discovery that she was a person who had at one time been the subject of the poet's song."

PERILS OF THE SOLWAY.

THE Solway is well known to be a bay which deeply indents the west side of our island, between the county of Cumberland on the one side, and those of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright on the other. This is a remarkable arm of the sea, as its waters, owing to the great shallowness of the channel, recede, at every ebb of the tide, for not much less than forty miles, leaving a waste of sand of about that length, and eight miles at an average in breadth. Through this far-spreading tract, the channels of various rivers, as the Eden, the Esk, the Kirtle, the Annan, and the Nith, are continued from the land part of their courses, forming, with some large pools, the only conspicuous features by which the uniformity of the surface is broken. When the tide is in ebb, and the sands are left dry, it is possible to walk or ride over them without danger; but when there is any water on the surface, however little, the sands are apt to give way beneath the feet, and allow those who may be upon them to sink into a stratum of soft marl or clay which lies beneath, and from which it is scarcely possible to extricate one's self. In many places, the sands are much thinner than in others, and these thin places are continually shifting with the tide; so that it is not easy for any but the most experienced persons to avoid them. When any one is so unfortunate as to get upon a place which allows him to sink into the marl, he usually finds it quite impossible to extricate himself, but sinks deeper and deeper every moment, till, after beating for some time the surface of the water with his extended arms, his head becomes immersed, and he dies by suffocation. Horsemen, finding themselves on a quicksand, have a chance of escaping by putting their steeds to full speed, in which case the sand does not open quickly enough to retard the animal's feet. Having companions also affords a chance of escape in case of danger. The usual plan of rescue for a sinking friend is to tread him out—which is thus performed: a layer of straw or brushwood is laid round him, or if nothing better is at hand, a greatcoat or two; upon this some person must tread nimbly, either in a circle or backward and forward, and the ground, being pressed by the weight, will gradually squeeze up the sinking man till he can get on the artificial stratum, when both must run for their lives.

Owing to the shallowness of the Solway, it is scarcely a fit place for a ferry communication even at high tide; at low tide, on the other hand, the sands are open to travellers, but are known to be dangerous. Yet for fifteen miles from the head of the estuary, it is quite common for travellers to take the latter mode of crossing between Cumberland and Dumfriesshire, especially in clear weather, and when the tide has chance to recede during daylight. The only alternative is to go round by the bridges on the Eden and Esk, which, in some instances, implies an addition of between twenty and thirty miles to the length of what might otherwise

be a short journey. When we consider the general disinclination to roundabout ways, it is not surprising that the sands are so much travelled, even although we have not yet reckoned up all the perils of the passage. The tide, as might be expected, makes very rapidly in a channel so extremely shallow. Even in clear weather, and in otherwise favourable circumstances, this is a source of great danger; but when the wind blows strong from the west, the sea comes with more than its usual rapidity, and usually in one lofty wave, like a wall. The swiftest horse is then unable to bear off the traveller. A reminiscence, communicated by the late Dr Currie to the editor of the Border Minstrelsy, may be quoted with reference to this danger. "I once," says he, "in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning in the Firth of Solway. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him, in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water three feet abreast. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind."

The following anecdote also communicates a striking idea of the dangers of the journey across Solway Sands:—In the month of February 1825, a party, consisting of thirty well-mounted Dumfriessians, who had been at the horse fair of Wigton in Cumberland, and wished in the evening to return, resolved to do so by an established route across the sands between the fishing town of Bowness, and a point at Whinnyrigg near Annan, the breadth of the waste being there above two miles. They left Bowness about nine at night, accompanied, as is usual, by a guide; the night was calm, clear, and starry. "No thought of danger occurred to them," says a chronicle of the day, "until they had proceeded nearly a mile on their way, and were about to ford the united waters of the Esk and Eden. And here a thick mist obscured the sky, and gradually became so dense and opaque, that they literally knew not which way they were moving, and could scarcely see a yard before them. On getting through the water, the party halted, and held a hasty council of war; but their opinions were various and jarring in the extreme. While some were for putting to the right about, others were for pushing straight forward; but these words had lost their meaning, as no one could tell how the direct path lay, whether he was bound for England or Scotland. Amidst their bewilderment, many would not believe that they had crossed the Esk, and plunged and replunged into the bed of the river, some going up, others down, and describing over and over again the same narrow circle of ground. In this emergency, Mr Thomas Johnston, Thornywaite, and Mr Hetherington, Lochmaben, kept closely together, and by recollecting that the water runs from east to west, and observing how the foam fell from their horses' feet, they rightly conceived how the shore lay, and moved on in the direction of Annan. But this clue was soon lost, and after wandering about for nearly an hour, they appeared to be just as far from their object as ever. At every little interval they paused to listen to the incessant cries of distress and encouragement, that reached the ear in all directions—from England, Scotland, the middle of the Firth—from every point, in short, of the compass. But where there was no system whatever in the signals, the stoutest callers only seemed to be mocked by the mournful echoings of their own voices. Amidst this confusion, horns were sounded from the Bowness side, and anon the solemn peals of a church bell added not a little to the interest of a scene which, abstracting from its danger, was truly impressive, if not sublime. The rising tide was gradually narrowing the dry land; and should it come roaring up two feet abreast before they escaped from their present perils, where was the power on earth that could save them? The two individuals named above, after pushing on quite at random, fortunately rejoined nine of their companions. And now the joyful cry was raised that they had found a guide in the person of Mr Brough, of Whinnyrigg, who, hearing their cries, and knowing their danger, had, even at the risk of his own life, traversed the sands in the hope of being useful. But greatly as they rejoiced at his presence, the danger was not yet over. In a little time even the generous guide got bewildered, and literally knew not which hand to turn to. Still his advice was that the tide was coming—that they had not a moment to lose—that every thing depended on decision and speed. At times he dismounted and groped about until he came to some object or spot of ground which he fancied he knew, and then galloped off at full speed to some other point, and by reckoning the time it required to get thither, and repeating the experiment eight or ten times, he succeeded in rescuing fourteen fellow-creatures from the imminent danger in which they were placed. A friend reports, that when wholly at a loss what to do, he accidentally stumbled over the trunk of a tree, which some former flood had left indented in the sand, and that, by accurately examining the position of an object he had frequently seen in day-

light, he knew at once the bearings of the coast, and thus facilitated the almost miraculous escape of the party. Be this as it may, his presence was of the greatest possible use; his local knowledge inspired a confidence that was previously wanting; and, as the event proved, every thing depended on the decision and speed he so strictly enjoined. Though, under ordinary circumstances, twenty minutes may suffice to trot across the sands, nearly three hours had been consumed in zig-zagging to and fro; and within a quarter of an hour or less from the time the party touched the beach, the tide ascended with a degree of force which must soon have proved fatal to the boldest rider, and the stoutest horse which the treacherous Solway ever ensnared. The fog that occasioned all the danger was one of the densest ever known. We should here mention the meritorious conduct of Mr Lewis Bell, residing near Dornock, and two other farmers, whose names we have not yet heard. By crossing a few minutes earlier, these individuals had weathered the mist, but on hearing repeated cries of distress, they very humanely retraced their steps, and joined the wanderers on the Scotch side, much about the same time as Mr Brough. But, in place of guiding, they required to be guided, and actually shared all the perils of those to whose assistance they had so promptly hastened.

And here we must return to the other half of the travellers, who, after the hasty council of war, replunged through the river with the view of returning to the village of Bowness. The guide was amongst them, but what, with the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, and the shouts of distress that were every where raised, he became, it is said, as deaf as a post, and the most bewildered man of the whole. Different routes were tried and abandoned; and so little was known of their real situation, that some of them followed as closely the course of the stream as if they had been anxious to meet, rather than flee from, the coming tide. But the church bell at last proved a sort of beacon; and after different persons had ventured with lights to the river's edge, the whole party were attracted to the spot, and conveyed to a comfortable home for the night."

The lively journalist who recorded these circumstances—need we tell his name?—recommended in conclusion that the guides would do well to carry a pocket compass on all occasions, so that they, and those entrusted to them, might at least be under no danger from want of a knowledge of the direction in which they ought to go. We trust this recommendation has been attended to. A sixpenny compass would be better, for such a duty, than twenty church bells.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born on the 10th of November 1728, at Pallace or Pallas, in the parish of Forney, county of Longford, Ireland. The family of Goldsmith, though not wealthy, had long been a respectable one, and had, for several successive generations, been connected with the episcopal church of Ireland. Charles Goldsmith, father of the subject of this memoir, was a member of that clerical body. Shortly after the birth of Oliver, who was the fifth of a family of eight children, Mr Goldsmith removed to Lissoy or Lishoy, a village in the neighbouring county of Westmeath, and within the rectory of Kilkenny West, to which living he had been appointed. At Lissoy, afterwards celebrated by him under the title of "sweet Auburn," in The Deserted Village, Oliver Goldsmith received the ordinary rudiments of education, first under the care of an old woman, and, secondly, at the hands of the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne. The youth's progress, under these teachers, was far from being shining or rapid. He exhibited an unsettled and romantic turn of mind, and was much more fond of poring over the old ballad-stories which then formed the general reading of the community, or of listening to similar legends from the lips of the peasantry, than of devoting his time to the acquisition of the drier knowledge of the school.

When sent, however, as his boyhood advanced, to the diocesan school of Elphin in Roscommon (formerly superintended by his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Oliver Jones, from whom his Christian name was derived), young Goldsmith gave such evidences of superior talents, that his parents were induced to depart from their intention to make him a merchant, and to give him still higher educational opportunities. When at Elphin, Oliver, then about ten years old, distinguished himself by gleams of wit, some of which would not have disgraced a full-grown Sheridan. He was dancing a hornpipe one day before a party, shortly after he had had small-pox, the traces of which never altogether left his face. The musician on this occasion was a boy who could play a little on the violin, and who thought fit to compare Goldsmith, on account of his disfigured countenance, and short thick figure, to a man of ugly memory, the fabulist Æsop; on which Oliver stopped,

and, recollecting that *Æsop* used to have an attendant ape, utterly discomfited his assailant by uttering the distich—

Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying—
See *Æsop* dancing, and his monkey playing!

From Elphin, Oliver was sent to a school of repute at Athlone, and subsequently to a similar institution (conducted by Mr Hughes) at Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, where he remained till his departure for the University of Dublin, in 1745. On one of his journeys from Lissoy to Edgeworthstown, after a vacation visit, a circumstance is said to have taken place which afterwards gave him a plot for his admirable play, *She Stoops to Conquer*. In passing through a village, Oliver asked for an inn, and a waggish fellow directed him to a certain house, which he had no sooner entered, than he called lustily for supper, invited the landlord and family to join him, and otherwise "took his ease in his inn." In the morning, he discovered himself to be in a private house, and that the master had seen his mistake and humoured it, being a friend of his father. Goldsmith felt sadly ashamed on reviewing his conduct of the previous evening; but, on the whole, the world has little reason to regret the occurrence.

In June 1745, Oliver Goldsmith was admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin. The class of sizers, or servitors, receive their commons and tuition free, and pay little more than a nominal sum for their chambers, while they may at the same time better their means by officiating as chanters at chapel, and performing other minor offices. These advantages possessed by the sizers, who are always youths in humble circumstances, were counterbalanced, in Goldsmith's time, by their having to carry up the Fellows' dinner, and to execute other menial duties. The performance of these services Oliver felt as extremely degrading, and, in after days, he indignantly denounced the practice of exacting them. Partly from disgust at this state of things, and partly from other causes, his career at college proved by no means one of honourable distinction, though he showed talent on more than one occasion. He had the misfortune to be placed under a harsh and tyrannical tutor, by name Wilder, whose illiberal conduct tended greatly to repress all Goldsmith's better impulses, and to change the thoughtfulness, that appears ever to have been natural to him, into recklessness. From one act on the part of Wilder, the reader will be able to judge how injudicious the tutor's whole behaviour was. On the 15th of June 1747, Goldsmith was elected an exhibitor on the foundation of Erasmus Smyth, an office which produced a small annual emolument, and he, in consequence, it would seem, of this success, invited a party of young friends to a supper and dance at his chambers. Hearing of this meeting, which was doubtless a blameable irregularity, Wilder proceeded thither, and inflicted personal chastisement on Goldsmith, then a sensitive lad, above eighteen years old, before all his friends. The consequence was, that Oliver left the university, and wandered about the country, hungry and penniless, until his elder brother, Henry, hearing of his condition, went to his assistance, and got him re-entered at college. If the pupil acted improperly here, certainly the preceptor's conduct was still less commendable.

Goldsmith lost his father in 1747, and his circumstances became still more straitened than formerly. In 1749, he was admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts—which admission took place in due course, and not two years later than usual, as the early biographies assert. Shortly afterwards, he went to the country amongst his friends, who wished him to enter the church. He was averse to this, however, and, after a year or so of idling, entered the family of a Mr Flynn as tutor. He remained a year in this situation, and, on leaving it, went away to Cork with thirty pounds in his pocket, and a good horse under him. At the end of six weeks he came home, without a penny of the money, and with a very inferior horse. His mother was justly angry with him, and he gave her a rather ambiguous explanation of his conduct, in a letter yet extant. He said that he had taken out a passage for America at Cork, but that, having gone to the country for a day or two, the captain had treacherously set sail without him. His friends were pacified, and an uncle (the Rev. Dr Contarine) supplied him with fifty pounds to commence the study of the law in Dublin. Goldsmith accordingly went thither; but an evil propensity to play, which he had exhibited on more than one occasion before, led him to a gambling-house, and all the money was dissipated!

The extreme simplicity which formed the redeeming charm of Oliver's character, and the high promise which his friends saw in him in spite of his follies, led them again to contribute to the furtherance of his studies, and, in the autumn of 1752, he reached Edinburgh, where he designed to accomplish himself in the profession of medicine. He staid in Edinburgh till the close of 1753. Little is known of his life during this period, as but one or two letters to friends have been preserved. He is said to have displayed poetical powers at this time, but chiefly in the composition of songs for the amusement of his companions. Having a good voice and a taste for music,

he was well calculated to take the lead on convivial occasions. He had also learned at Dublin to play tolerably on the German flute, which added to his social qualities. That he neglected study altogether, however, for the costly merriment of taverns, is an assertion altogether disproved by the moderate extent of the demands made by him on his friends during his Edinburgh residence. Those biographers who do not scruple to make Goldsmith a perpetual idler, and worse than an idler, at school, in Dublin, in Edinburgh, and every where else, may be with propriety asked how it came to pass that, at the close of his career of study, he showed himself a fine classical scholar, a man of varied information, and of cultivated taste! Though Goldsmith did not certainly make the figure that a youth of talent might have made, under such instructors as Monro and other medical teachers then adorning Edinburgh, it is unfair, upon mere anecdotal authority, to bring the heaviest charges against one who has enough of an authentic kind to bear.

Goldsmith did not take a degree at Edinburgh, but went to Leyden for that purpose, with the consent of his friends. His imprudence in becoming security for the debts of a friend, had nearly shown him the inside of a jail before leaving the Scottish capital. Some acquaintance, however, came forward and relieved him from the dilemma. It has also been said, that he was incarcerated for a debt of his own at Newcastle, while on his way to Leyden; but, though he really was in custody there, his confinement is to be ascribed, according to his own account, to a mistake, originating in his having been accidentally in the company of some Scottish recruits. When he did reach Leyden, there is good reason to believe that he behaved with great imprudence. The propensity to gambling which he had exhibited in Dublin was indulged in here to such an extent as to reduce him frequently to the utmost pecuniary distress, and he seems to have run into debt at all hands. After a residence of about a year in Leyden (where he did not take out a degree, as intended), Goldsmith adopted the wild resolution of travelling over Europe alone and on foot. In order to provide, in some measure, for this enterprise, he borrowed a sum of money from his friend Dr Ellis, which, however, did little good, as Oliver, with his usual mixture of folly and generosity, spent the most part of it upon a floral present to the uncle in Ireland, Dr Contarine, who had been so kind to him. But the want of money was nothing uncommon to Goldsmith, and did not deter him from his purpose. In February 1755, he set off on the tour of Europe, master of a shirt, a guinea, and a flute.

Of this strange and almost unparalleled journey, few memorials remain, except such as he himself gave to the world in his poem *The Traveller*, and in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The following sentence from the latter work shows his usual mode of subsistence on his route:—"A good voice, and a trifling skill in music, were the only finances he had to support an undertaking so expensive; so he travelled by day, and at night sang at the doors of peasants' houses, to get himself a lodging." In this manner he passed through portions of France, Switzerland, and Italy, leaving every where, as he afterwards confessed, traces of his presence, in as far as there was "hardly a kingdom in Europe in which he did not become a debtor." At Padua, he is said to have taken a medical degree, but no records of such an occurrence have been found; and it is difficult to see how a man in his condition could have gone through a ceremonial of this kind, unless, indeed, there be truth in the story of his having been for a short time tutor to a young nobleman on the continent. This circumstance, however, is not authenticated. The Dr., therefore, usually prefixed to his name, was probably a title to which he had no just right.

Goldsmith's wanderings ended in the commencement of the year 1756, at which time he arrived in London, the scene of his remaining career on earth. He was now twenty-eight years of age. It is not very distinctly known what occupation he first resorted to, to obtain the means of subsistence. Some old Dublin friends furnished him, it is related, with a little money to establish himself in practice as a physician; but as this was an employment for which neither his address, his tastes, nor his habits qualified him, it can excite no surprise in us to find him, before the close of 1756, in another situation—that of usher in Dr Milner's school at Peckham, in Surrey. At the table of the master of this institution, Goldsmith met Dr Griffiths, projector, proprietor, and editor of the *Monthly Review*. This acquaintance led to Goldsmith's embarkation on a literary life, the path destined to lead him to honour and eminence. He was engaged in April 1757, as a regular writer in the *Review*. Though this connection did not last long on the original terms, Oliver had entered on the line where he felt his strength to lie, and the emoluments resulting from it, precarious as they were, were won with too much ease not to please a person of his disposition. He therefore struggled on in the walk of periodical literature, now translating foreign pieces, projecting greater things occasionally, and laying the foundation, at least, of future fame. In 1758, through the influence of Dr Milner, a hope of success in the medical profession dawned for a moment upon Goldsmith. He was nominated to a medical situation in India, and accordingly presented himself before the College of Surgeons to undergo the necessary examination. But the candidate was "found not qualified."

This failure distressed him sadly, and compelled him in a measure to lay aside all hope of professional success in future. He had now begun the composition of

his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*, and, by his letters, it appears that he expected from it no small amount both of fame and money. Dr Percy once visited him when engaged in the composition of this performance. Oliver was at this time living in an obscure lodging, in Green Arbour Court, and his room contained only one chair, which was given to the visitor, Goldsmith himself taking up his place on the window-sill. While they were conversing, a little girl came into the room, carrying a crockery utensil, and said with a curtsy, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs of you to lend her a potful of coals." This anecdote gives some insight into one great trait of Goldsmith's character—his generosity. It is true, that, in being generous, he often forgot justice; yet one cannot help admiring and loving him for the feeling that made him forget utterly his own wants when he saw the necessities of others. He has been known to pawn his clothes to relieve those in distress. In March 1759, his "Inquiry" was published for the Dodsleys, and was at once recognised as the work of a man of genius and learning. It procured for him the notice of many literary persons, and, among others, of Dr Smollett, then editor of the *Critical Review*. To this work Goldsmith immediately afterwards became a contributor; and when Smollett, in 1760, commenced the *British Magazine*, he had also the advantage of Oliver's assistance. The newspaper, called the *Public Ledger*, a periodical called the *Bee*, the *Lady's Magazine*, and other works of the day, occupied a share of Goldsmith's time; and from all these sources he derived a tolerable income, though never sufficient, with his management, to keep him out of difficulties. His chief contributions were reviews and translations; but oriental tales, and other essays, afterwards collected in a separate form, were among the compositions of this period. Newbery, a philanthropic man, and the proprietor of some of these periodicals, was one of Goldsmith's best and kindest friends.

In 1761, Goldsmith, who had now won a considerable reputation in the literary world, seems to have formed the acquaintance of Dr Johnson, whose fame had been long fully established. Their first meeting took place at the lodgings of Oliver in Wine Office Court—a respectable place, to which his increased emoluments had enabled him to remove. In the year following, he acquired the friendship of Mr (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds; and when the Literary Club was instituted (probably in 1763), he became one of that celebrated society, which numbered among its members Edmund Burke, Topham Beauclerk, Sir John Hawkins, Bennet Langton, Dr Nugent, and other noted characters of the time. Before the establishment of the club, however, Goldsmith had published other original works besides the "Inquiry," to entitle him to a place among such men. On the 1st of May 1762, an abridgement of Plutarch's *Lives*, and the *Citizen of the World* (Chinese letters), were given to the world. In the same year appeared a life of Beau Nash, and, in the course of the following year, Goldsmith wrote an admirable and long popular summary of English history, entitled "Letters from a Nobleman to his Son."

Various other useful, though minor, productions came from Goldsmith's pen about the same period; but the first performance to which he affixed his name, and that also which first gave him a permanent place among the poets of his country, was the celebrated poem of *The Traveller*, published at the close of 1764. This was addressed to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, and to him it was likewise dedicated. Greatly as this beautiful piece added to his celebrity, his name was raised still higher by a prose work, issued little more than a year afterwards, *The Vicar of Wakefield*. It is remarkable, that this story, one of the most exquisite in English literature, had lain unprinted nearly two years in the bookseller's hands, as it had also done in the author's desk for a similar period. Johnson tells, that, being sent for one morning to Goldsmith's rooms, he found that improvident personage threatened with an arrest by his landlady. On asking him if he had no means of relieving himself, Johnson was shown *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and, on looking into it, saw at once its high merits. He instantly went to Newbery, and got sixty pounds for it. But the bookseller, equally dubious of its value as the writer had been, kept it for a long time unpublished. When it was given to the public (in March 1766), it received, as it well deserved, the highest applause.

Having thus succeeded in several important branches of elegant literature, Goldsmith tried yet another, and with almost equal good fortune. His comedy of *The Good-Natured Man* was produced in January 1768, and was very favourably received. He gained by it about £400, exclusive of the copyright. The important works in which he engaged after this period, and the large sums which he received for them, sufficiently show the high estimation in which he was now held by the public; nor are they less effectual in exposing and refuting the exaggerated charges of indolence which have often been brought against him. In the course of the six years succeeding 1768, he composed his *Roman History* (2 vols. octavo, 1769), his *Lives of Parnell and Bolingbroke* (1770), his *History of England* (4 vols. 1771), his *Abridgement of Roman History* (2 vols. 1772), his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773), his *History of Greece* (2 vols. 1773), another *History of England* (1 vol. 1773), his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature* (8 vols. 1774), and his *Translation of Scarron's Comic Romance*. Besides these works, he gave to the public, in 1770, his beautiful

poem of The Deserted Village, the pieces called Retaliation, and The Haunch of Venison, and many other occasional productions in verse and prose.

The author of these truly standard compositions was raised by them to a high place in the esteem of the world. He did not, however, in the converse of society, maintain a position correspondent with his rank as a writer. Exaggerating his inability to express himself verbally as he did on paper, Garrick said of him, that "he wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll." Goldsmith was largely endowed with self-esteem, but he was not envious. His simplicity was equal to his vanity, and these two characteristics often made him the object of ridicule—as, for example, when he was so highly pleased with his own appearance in a new bloom-coloured coat, as to tell that the tailor begged him to announce every where who had been the artist, secure that his fortune would thus be made. One of the best features in Goldsmith's character was his generosity, as has been said; but the wild extremes to which he carried it, with other foibles, kept him poor to the close of his life, and caused him to die in debt. The large sums which he received for some of his later works ought, with ordinary prudence, to have caused a very different state of things. Fever, resulting from a painful affection of the urinary organs, cut off Oliver Goldsmith on the 4th of April 1774, at the age of forty-five.

Goldsmith is one of the most delightful writers in the English language. As the epitaph, written by Johnson for his monument in Westminster Abbey, finely says, "Scarcely any one species of writing was left untouched by him, and none did he touch that he did not adorn—a powerful yet gentle master of the passions, whether he sought to excite mirth, or to agitate the fount of tears." An amiable and humane spirit pervades all his writings, whether poetry or prose, and his style in all is a rare mixture of grace, ease, and strength. It would be difficult to name any author who has so well maintained his popularity, whether in the character of a historian, a poet, an essayist, or a dramatist; and this proves more efficiently than any criticism can do, the merits of Oliver Goldsmith.

EMIGRATION TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

CONVICT-SYSTEM—FREE SETTLERS.

It has not been thought necessary in these articles to say any thing of the History of New South Wales. Every body is aware that the colony was founded (1788) for the reception of convicted criminals from Britain, and that, under the domination of a governor and council, it remains a penal settlement till the present day. How one of the finest countries in the world should have been so long devoted to this purpose, it would be out of place here to inquire; it is enough that attention is called to the fact. According to the last reports, the whole population of the colony amounted to 70,000 (now increased to upwards of 80,000), of which 24,276 were convicts (*Martin*, p. 134), being at the rate of about one convict for every two free persons; and of these free persons, of course, a considerable number were either emancipated convicts or their immediate descendants. The unfortunate continuance of a headlong system of transporting criminals to New South Wales, has had the most pernicious effects on the social condition of the settlers; and, to aggravate the evil, there has ever been a very great disparity in the number of individuals in the two sexes—as, for example, in 1833, the number of males was 44,043, and of females 16,156, or nearly three to one. This last-mentioned evil, however, is in the course of rapid melioration, by the immigration of respectable females to the colony.

So much has been lately published on the "felony" of New South Wales, with representations of its vicious tendency, that we need not go into any details on the subject. The writer of a work descriptive of the colony remarked, a few years ago, that the free settlers deprecated the idea of government discontinuing to send out convicts, and this statement not being repelled in the proper quarter, there has ever since been a general feeling in Britain that the convict-system should be continued in all its vigour, as a thing really necessary for the welfare of the settlers.* From the statements which have been recently published, however, it appears that, whatever may be the wishes of some persons respecting the continuance of convict transportation on its present footing, with a view to procuring labourers or assistants on easy terms, a very strong desire is now manifested, both by the colonial government and by influential private colonists, for the incoming of free emigrants, both male and female, of respectable character, and who are able and willing to accept of employment at highly remunerating wages. The design is to encourage the settlement of a virtuous population, and thus gradually to overcome the evils

produced by the lavish introduction of a population of an opposite quality. The home government has seconded these enlightened views; but whether it has at the same time resolved to restrain the transportation of convicts in future, in order to give the scheme of free settling the best chance of success, has not come within our knowledge. Possibly something of this kind is intended, for more rational opinions respecting the reformation and punishment of offenders are beginning to be entertained. Be this as it may, there is now a reasonable hope that the moral atmosphere of New South Wales will undergo a gradual and steady purification, and be therefore rendered congenial to the feelings and habits of respectable emigrants from the mother country; indeed, if we were not ourselves strongly impressed with this hope, and if we did not learn that very important improvements were at present taking place in the social condition of the colony at large, we certainly should not have said one word to induce emigrants to make this remote territory the land of their adoption.

Knowing the class of reckless beings who figure before our higher criminal courts, and who are for the greater part transported for their offences, one is very apt to imagine that the life which is led by free settlers among his convict servants must be one of constant misery; but in forming this idea, we should not be doing justice to human nature. It appears, that, although the convict-system has been in different respects injurious, the chief mischief has been confined in a great measure to Sydney and a few other places, and that in the country settlements it has not been productive of the disastrous consequences which one would readily suppose. The most conspicuous of its evils has been the divisions it has created in society, which are deeply to be lamented, for they, of course, retard the prosperity of the colony. Many of the emancipated convicts and their descendants are now men of considerable wealth and influence. "Our emancipist body, in honest truth (says Cunningham), forms the most useful and enterprising portion of our community—all the distilleries, nearly all the breweries, and the greater portion of the mills and various manufactories, being owned by them; while they have never, so far as I can learn, disgraced themselves by engaging in any of the smuggling transactions, whereby many of those who came out under the proud title of *free men* have tarnished their reputation. Several of our most respectable merchants have told me, that in the numerous matters of business wherein they have been concerned with the emancipists, their conduct has always been most honourable."

Removal from the temptations of a town, and the enforcement of a strict but gentle discipline, alter very materially the character of convict servants. The proofs of this advanced in the article "Enforcement of Gentleness," in the 324th number of the Journal, must be too fresh in the recollection of the reader to require repetition. Dr Lang (Account of New South Wales, vol. ii. p. 17), corroborates our opinion on this subject. "On those farms or estates (says he) on which the convict servants are treated with kindness, and at the same time with firmness, they will generally evince as much devotedness in their master's service on occasions of emergency, as is ever shown by free servants in the mother country." After giving a striking example of this devotedness on the part of a body of well-treated convicts, who zealously saved their master's property in the case of an extensive conflagration, the doctor proceeds to give a pleasing picture of the condition of an emancipated servant on his beginning the world after his liberation.

"I had occasion (proceeds our author) to visit the settlement of Illawarra, about seventy-five miles to the southward of Sydney, in the month of April 1830. The journey being too long for a single day's ride, I had to spend a night by the way. The house of a magistrate of the territory, whose cordial hospitality I had repeatedly experienced on former visits to the interior, lay near my route; but, choosing rather to confer than to receive a favour, I turned aside to the little cottage of a small settler, who I knew had arrived in the colony as a convict, though he had been free at the time I allude to for many years. The settler had originally been a Presbyterian from the north of Ireland: he had enlisted in a Scotch regiment quartered in the north of England, whither I understood he had gone as a petty dealer or hawk. Having committed some crime, however, of a minor character, he was sentenced to seven years' transportation. His wife, whom he had married in the colony on obtaining his freedom, was a native of the south of Scotland.

"I bought this farm," the settler told me in the course of my visit, "the year I got my liberty: it's a thirty-acre farm—very good land, sir; and I was to pay a hundred pounds for it, for you know it was cleared but not stumped—that is, the roots of the trees were left standing in the ground. The year I got it I only put in four acres of wheat, for it was rather late in the season. The wheat was very cheap that year; but the next year I put in fifteen acres with the hoe—all with my own hands—and I had as many bushels off it as there are days in the year (that is, 365 bushels, or 24½ bushels per acre). The wheat was very dear that season, and I sold a great part of my crop at 14s. 6d., but the cheapest I sold was half-a-guinea a bushel, and I cleared my farm that year. I lived in that hut you see till the debt was paid, and then I built this weather-boarded house. We have every thing comfortable now—plenty of wheat, corn, potatoes, and

every thing else we require. Indeed, it's a good country, sir, for an industrious man. At home I would only have had a day's labour and little for it, and perhaps not even that; but here I have a farm of my own, and every thing comfortable. I have much reason to be thankful that ever I came here, and I hope there's forgiveness for what's past."

In short, the aspect of things about the settler's little establishment justified the account he had given me both of it and of himself; and I was most happy to afford him such general commendation, and such pastoral encouragement, as his character and circumstances peculiarly called for. As I had two days' journey to perform on horseback, ere I could reach his little cottage on my return to Sydney, I gladly availed myself of his offer to supply me with a fresh horse, that my own might be in better spirits and condition on my return; and in riding rapidly along on the spirited Australian steed—the produce of sheer industry and economy—I could not help wishing, from the very bottom of my heart, that a hundred thousand families of the labouring agricultural population of Great Britain and Ireland could be gradually conveyed to a country in which the same industry and economy would infallibly lead them to the same degree of comfort and independence."

This cheering account of what may be done by the well-behaved and industrious settler, whether originally bond or free, is matched by a similar story which succeeds it. In journeying overland to Hunter's River, with a fellow traveller, on horseback, the doctor stops at the log-hut of a small settler for refreshment; and while the settler is busy putting up the horses, the travellers enter the cottage, and converse with his wife. "She was a native of the colony: her parents had arrived (of course as convicts) in the first or second fleet during the government of Captain Phillip. On acquiring their freedom, and probably on their marriage, they had got a small grant of land at Toongabbe, the first agricultural settlement in the territory: on this land they continued to live—cultivating the ground, and rearing poultry, pigs, and cattle—till by industry and good management they had acquired several other small farms, and till their stock of cattle had increased to a considerable herd. In the mean time they had reared a family of seven or eight children, all of whom had arrived at manhood, and most of whom were married and settled throughout the territory. The settler entered the hut just as his wife had related these particulars; and while the latter was otherwise engaged, in making the requisite preparations for our homely refreshment, I easily induced him to give me his personal narrative also. He had been bred a cobbler, and been transported for seven years from the city of York. Being an industrious man, he had been enabled to earn a little money ere he had accomplished his term of penal servitude, by making or mending shoes on his own time for the small settlers in the neighbourhood of the place in which he had been assigned as a convict servant. With this money, and a little more which he had saved from his earnings after he obtained his freedom, he had purchased the farm on which he then resided: it was a hundred-acre farm, and was entirely covered with timber at the time he bought it: it had cost him in this state L.50, 10s. In the mean time he had married that *there woman*; at which announcement his affectionate spouse laughed heartily, with an expression of countenance, moreover, which indicated that she had no reason to regret the event.

Some time after the cobbler had purchased the hundred-acre farm, he ascertained that the new line of road to Hunter's River would run along the side of it. This immediately enhanced its value a hundred per cent., and he was accordingly offered double the price he had paid for it ere he had cut down a single tree: he wisely, however, preferred retaining it in his own hands, and had accordingly been living on it at the time I refer to about two years. He had got a considerable part of it cleared and fenced during that interval, and had a field of wheat of several acres in extent, and another of maize, besides a plot of potatoes and vegetables, and had even purchased another hundred-acre farm in the immediate neighbourhood. I presume his wife had brought him a few cattle and pigs as her dowry: these had increased to a considerable herd; and two of their children (for they had four in all—three boys and a girl) were out with them in the bush, or forest—one with the pigs, and the other with the cattle. The settler told me he had a mare also, which he afterwards showed me with no small degree of self-complacency as I was mounting my horse. I commended his industry and economy in the strongest terms, and was thereby enabled to procure his favourable attention to recommendations and advice of a different description."

When convicts arrive in the colony, they are consigned to barracks for their reception, and are ready for disposal as servants to the settlers in all parts of the country. When disposed of to the settler, the convict is provided by him with the means of erecting a hut for himself, if no such accommodation exists at the settler's station. The convict receives no wages, but is provided with certain daily rations of food, clothing, bedding, and culinary utensils. The hours during which he is required to work are from six in the morning until six at night, with the allowance of an hour for breakfast and another for dinner. When a convict conducts himself with propriety for a certain length of time, and which is proportioned

* *Martin* corroborates this. He says, "there are applications for five times the number of prisoners that arrive in the colony."—*History of Australasia*, p. 132.

to the term of his sentence, he is entitled to claim from the colonial government what is called a ticket of leave, a sort of warrant or licence, which enables him to live where he pleases, and to employ himself in any legal way he may choose. This, of course, is recalled if he commits any new offence; and many advertisements are from time to time to be seen in the Sydney newspapers, intimating such recall, and naming the individuals. Though, while he conducts himself with propriety, the convict's peculiar condition in society is not obtruded upon him by any peculiar treatment, yet the slightest departure from this brings him immediately within the reach of the colonial laws. If refractory, or even merely insolent to the settler, his master, he may be taken before a magistrate, and either flogged, or sentenced to work for a certain period on a short allowance of food, in what are called the government chain-gangs, composed of convicts who have offended a second time, and are, as a punishment, worked in fetters. On the expiry of his original term of banishment, the convict becomes, in colonial phrase, an emancipist, and is then his own master.

In order, as has been said, to meliorate the evils inseparable from the penal system, the colonial government has lately adopted means for procuring the settlement of free and respectable labourers, including all classes of mechanics, with their families. The revenue derived annually from the sale of crown lands is devoted to this object. At certain ports in the United Kingdom, Government Emigration Agents are settled, and to these gentlemen the whole business of collecting and sending off emigrants is entrusted. Already several vessels have sailed from Scotland, particularly from the Highlands, with a large number of individuals of both sexes and their children, thus at once carrying off a superabundant population from a condition of extreme poverty, to a country where their services are required, and which offers a boundless scope for their industry.* Those persons who are unable or unwilling to take advantage of the offer of a free passage, have an opportunity of going as passengers in ordinary emigrant ships from London, Liverpool, Greenock, Leith, and other ports. The charge for a steerage passage in these vessels is from £20 to £22, and for a cabin passage, £50. In some cases there is an intermediate charge of £30, for which accommodation of a middle kind, between steerage and cabin, is given. In all cases, bedding has to be provided by the passenger. It is here recommended that in every instance the passenger, of whatever rank, should possess a clear written agreement from the shipper, countersigned by the captain of the vessel, defining the accommodation he is to receive, right to water, fire, &c. on board. For want of definite settlements of this kind, there are continual broils between captains and passengers, and much positive misery is endured.

We see it mentioned in Dr Lang's work, that a society has been formed at Sydney for assisting newly arrived emigrants with advice regarding places of settlement and employment. We cannot certify that this society is still in operation, but we should hope it is, for there cannot be a doubt as to its extreme utility. It is the want of friendly and sound advice that keeps thousands from emigrating; and we anxiously trust the colonial authorities will, as soon as this meets their eye, make known in Great Britain the precise steps that are to be taken by emigrants on landing, in order to procure correct information regarding locations.

All writers on New South Wales concur in recommending emigrants on their arrival not to spend either time or money in Sydney, but to hasten to get into employment of some kind, and to deposit what capital they have brought with them in one of the colonial banks, until an opportunity occurs of laying it out to the best advantage. All classes of farm-servants, shepherds, and mechanics in ordinary professions, are certain of finding employment, if they possess steadiness and common ability. The following is a list of the chief classes of labourers and workmen required in the colony, with the wages which they would respectively receive. When rations are mentioned, the usual quantity is 10 lbs. of flour and 7 lbs. of meat, per week:—
Brickmakers—8s. to 10s. per 1000, for making. Good workmen will always find employment.
Bricklayers—6s. to 7s. per day. Do. do.
Blacksmiths—24s. to 42s. per week. Good workmen in demand.
Brewers, Malsters—3s. to 4s. per day. Breweries are increasing.
Carpenters—6s. to 7s. 6d. per day. Always in demand, especially good workmen.

* Persons desirous of embracing the advantages of a free passage to Australia, should apply to the Government Emigration Agents at the ports where they are situated. The agent at Leith is Lieutenant Forrest, Custom-House. It is incumbent on intending emigrants to appear personally before the agents, and to produce testimonials of a good character from clergymen or other trust-worthy parties. They must also be within a certain age, that is, from about 15 to 35. No single women are taken unless they belong, or are attached, to a family. It is to be regretted that the authorities who conduct this extensive system of emigration should not make public, in a more effectual manner than they do, the details of their plan of procedure. In most of the country parts, where the best agricultural and pastoral labourers are to be found, nothing is known of the munificent offer of a free passage to New South Wales. This sheet will communicate a knowledge of the fact to thousands who never before heard of it. Having perused the schedule of directions for the treatment of emigrants on the voyage, we can testify that every means is taken that humanity can suggest for rendering their condition comfortable and agreeable.

Coopers—7s. to 8s. per day. Employment uncertain.
Cabinet-makers and Upholsters—5s. to 7s. per day. Not in demand at present, except as carpenters.
Cooks—5s. 6d. to 10s. per week, and rations. Men usually employed. Careful and steady men wanted.
Coppersmiths—30s. to 40s. per week. Good workmen would find employment.
Dairy-women—£10 to £15 per annum, lodgings and rations. In extreme demand.
Engineers—24s. to 42s. per week, and rations. The class of men here meant, are properly engine-men and blacksmiths.
Farriers—6s. to 7s. per day. Much in demand.
Fencers—30s. to 40s. per week, or post and rail fences 2s. to 3s. 6d. per rod.
Field Labourers—3s. per day, or 5s. a-week and rations. All kinds of field labourers in demand.
Gardeners—£1.25 to £40 per annum, and rations. Always in demand.
Gardeners' Labourers—£1.5 to £2.5 per annum, and rations. Much required.
Glaziers and Plumbers—5s. 6d. to 7s. per day. A few of the latter wanted.
Harness-makers and Saddlers—4s. to 5s. per day. Chiefly supplied by importation.
Joiners—6s. to 8s. 6d. per day. Good workmen in demand.
Iron-Founders—24s. to 40s. per week. Good workmen would find employment.
Locksmiths—6s. to 7s. per day. Good workmen would find employment.
Millwrights—6s. to 8s. 6d. per day. Wanted to fit up wooden gear.
Milkmen—£12 to £20 per annum, and rations. All kinds of husbandrymen in demand.
Nailers—40s. per week, and upwards. Good workmen required.
Plasterers—42s. per week. In demand. An excellent trade.
Ploughmen—£1.5 to £2.5 per annum, lodging and rations. All agricultural labourers, shepherds, sheep-shears, &c., may be so rated, and are in great demand.
Printers, Compositors and Pressmen—25s. to 35s. per week. A few steady men wanted to replace drunkards.
Quarrymen—4s. to 6s. per day. Always in demand.
Sawyers—6s. to 10s. per 100 feet. In great demand.
Shipwrights and Boat-builders—7s. to 8s. 6d. per day. Good workmen in demand.
Shoemakers—5s. to 7s. per day. In great demand. A good trade. Some sober men earn 10s. a-day.
Sailors—50s. to 60s. per month. Always in demand.
Stonemasons and Setters—5s. 6d. to 8s. per day. In great demand.
Tailors—5s. to 7s. per day. In demand. Piece work one-third higher than in England.
Turners—A few might work profitably on their own account.
Vine-dressers—£10 to £40 per annum, or upwards, according to qualification. Skilful men in demand.
Wheelwrights—5s. to 6s. per day, or £1.5 to £2.0 per annum, and rations. General workmen always find employment.

Other classes of workmen not enumerated in this list may find employment in New South Wales, but as the colony is not far advanced in the arts and manufactures adapted to a highly refined state of society, persons belonging to professions of that description cannot expect to meet with suitable encouragement. It is certain that no one possessing either notions of gentility, or who is unwilling to turn his hand to any honest labour that casts up, need give himself the trouble of proceeding as an emigrant to New South Wales.

The next article will be descriptive of a settler's life and experiences.

EDIE OCHILTREE.

THE character of Edie Ochiltree in "the Antiquary" must have familiarised the public, far beyond the bounds of the native country of the author, with the idea of a superior class of beggars who flourished till a recent period in Scotland. Their chief feature of distinction was an agreeable conversational power, which rendered them favourite guests at the farmer's ingle-side, and even, it might be, in the hall of the laird. Their alms, food, and lodging, were granted to them with less of a feeling of patronage on the one hand and of humiliation on the other, than in modern times; and, practically, many of these wanderers enjoyed superior comforts to the industrious peasantry. A particular set of these beggars are spoken of in a work written in 1683* as styled *Jockies*, and to all appearance the legitimate successors of the bards of an earlier age. They could recite the war-cries and gathering-words of all the ancient families of the land; and the author states, that, in conversing with some of them, he had found them possessed of a tolerable share of reason and discretion. From a very early period, the government of the country had created a species of aristocracy amidst the large tribe of mendicants of all kinds who pervaded the land. These were called "King's Bedesmen," and their constitution seems to have taken its rise in some of those singular ceremonies of affected condescension and humility which Christianity introduced amongst crowned heads. On every anniversary of the king's birth-day, these men collected at the Scottish palace, to the number of the years of the

king's age (one being added every year), when each was furnished with a gown or upper coat of light blue cloth, and a purse containing as many shillings as the years of the king might amount to; the whole ceremony ending with certain devotional exercises. From the appellation of bedesman [as for *bedsman*], it seems probable that, in Catholic times, the prayers of the beggars were expected in behalf of the monarch, as a return for his beneficence.

The most valuable result of selection as a bedesman was probably the privilege which it conferred of begging in all places and at all seasons, without the fear of molestation on account of any statutes which might be in force against mendicancy. Latterly, the royal charity was disbursed by the Scottish exchequer at a particular spot in the High Street of Edinburgh, near St Giles's church, in which place of worship the ceremony was always followed by a sermon, from one of the king's chaplains for Scotland, the whole concluding with a breakfast of bread and ale. We recollect well, in our own young days,

— "when George the Third was king,"

seeing *blue-gowns*, as they were generally called, travelling in privileged security throughout the country, while all others skulked uneasily in fear of the law. The gown bore a pewter badge, with certain characters stamped upon it, betokening the licence which the royal charity had conferred on them. The ceremony of the distribution of purses and gowns, with the sermon and breakfast, is still, we believe, kept up; but, somehow or other, no blue-gown is ever seen in the country.*

March 31st, 1794, died at Roxburgh-Newton, in Roxburghshire, aged a hundred and five, Andrew Gemmel, the most memorable certainly of the superior class of beggars of the last age, and, according to Scott's own confession, the prototype of the fictitious Edie Ochiltree. This man had been a dragoon in the wars of Anne and the two first Georges, but for the last forty-nine years of his life he subsisted solely as a beggar. He ranged over the whole of the south of Scotland, but particularly in the counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles, visiting a certain series of houses once or twice every year, and at most of them received rather as an old acquaintance of the family than as a mendicant. He is thus described by Scott himself, in the notes to the recent edition of *the Novels*:—"The author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of blue-gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldierlike or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of sarcasm. His motions were always so graceful, that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might, on any occasion, have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Gemmel had little of the cant of his calling; his wants were food and shelter, or a trifle of money, which he always claimed, and seemed to receive, as his due. He sang a good song, told a good story, and could crack a severe jest with all the acumen of Shakespeare's jesters, though without using, like them, the cloak of insanity. It was some fear of Andrew's satire, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed every where. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmel, especially at the expense of a person in consequence, flew round the circle which he frequented, as surely as the bon-mot of a man of established character for wit glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too local and personal to be introduced here. Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe, for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a *carrou*, than of the Scottish beggar. But the late Rev. Dr Robert Douglas, minister of Gala-shiels, assured the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmel, he was engaged in a game at brag with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open window of the chateau, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard, and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing some surprise, Dr Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humorist or an original; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmel. This singular mendicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person as would have been thought the value of his life among modern footpads. On one occasion, a country gentleman, generally es-

* The Edinburgh Review, in an article on Dr Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary (1880), offers a remark on the cause of this colour, as a liver for the privileged mendicant. "Pity informs us that blue was the colour in which the Gauls clothed their slaves; and blue coats, for many ages, were the liveries of servants, apprentices, and even of younger brothers, as it is now of the Blue Coat Boys, and of other Blue Schools in the country. Hence the proverb in Ray, 'He is in his better blue colour,' applied to a person of low degree, when dressed very fine."

* Martin's Reliquie Divi Andree [Antiquities of St Andrews.]

teemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him a sixpence: 'I can give you change for a note, laird,' replied Andrew. As with most who have risen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendicancy has undergone, was often the subject of Andrew's lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was forty pounds a-year worse since he at first practised it. On another occasion he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and that if he had a score of sons, he would not be easily induced to breed one of them up in his own line."

In confirmation of one of the above remarks, the writer of this notice may mention that his grandmother, the wife of a Peeblesshire farmer who acquired a competency, studied the art of playing at draughts under Andrew, while he was spending occasional evenings at her fireside. He was singularly expert at this game, but she in time became his equal, and he then shunned encountering her, apparently unable to bear a defeat with philosophy. There was less difference between Andrew's rank and hers, than in the case of the laird above mentioned; but still a person of her condition in the present state of society would be not a little startled at the idea of playing draughts with a mendicant. A writer in the Edinburgh Magazine for 1817, thus speaks of Andrew's reception at the farmer's ingle side:—"His entertaining stories of his campaigns, and the adventures he had met with in foreign countries, united with his shrewdness, drollery, and other agreeable qualities, rendered him a general favourite, and secured him a cordial welcome and free quarters at every shepherd's cot or farm-standing that lay in the range of his extensive wanderings. Among his other places of resort in Teviotdale, Andrew regularly visited at my grandfather's. It was one of his 'Saturday-night houses,' as he called them, where he always staid over the Sunday, and sometimes longer. He usually put up his horse, on his arrival, without the formality of asking quarters, and had a straw bed made up for him in the byre, claiming it rather as his acknowledged due and privilege, than as a boon of charity. He preferred sleeping in an out-house, and, if possible, in one where cattle or horses were kept. My grandfather, who was an old-fashioned farmer in a remote situation, was exceedingly fond of his company, and, though a very devout and strict Cameronian, and occasionally somewhat scandalised at Andrew's rough and irreverent style of language, was nevertheless so much attracted by his conversation, that he never failed to spend the evenings of his sojourn in listening to his entertaining narrations and 'auld world stories'—with the old shepherds, hinds, and children, seated around them beside the blazing turf ingle in 'the farmer's ha'." These conversations sometimes took a polemical turn, and in that case not unfrequently ended in a violent dispute, my ancestor's hot and impatient temper blazing forth on collision with the dry and sarcastic humour of his ragged guest. Andrew was never known to yield his point on these occasions; but he usually had the address, when matters grew too serious, to give the conversation a more pleasant turn, by some droll remark or unexpected stroke of humour, which convulsed the rustic group, and the grave goodman himself, with unflinching and irresistible merriment.

Though free, however, and unceremonious, Andrew was never burdensome or indiscreet in his visits; returning only once or twice a-year, and generally after pretty regular intervals. He evidently appeared to prosper in his calling; for, though hung round with rags of every shape and hue, he commonly possessed a good horse, and used to attend the country fairs and race-courses, where he would bet and dispute with the country lairds and gentry, with the most independent and resolute pertinacity. My father remembers seeing Gemmel travelling about on a blood mare, with a foal after her, and a gold watch in his pocket. On one occasion, at Ruthersford in Teviotdale, he had dropped a clus of yarn, and Mr Mather, his host, finding him rummaging for it, assisted in the search, and, having got hold of it, persisted, notwithstanding Andrew's opposition, in unrolling the yarn till he came to the *kernel*, which, much to his surprise and amusement, he found to consist of about twenty guineas in gold.

Many curious anecdotes of Andrew's sarcastic wit and eccentric manners are current in the Borders. The following is given as commonly related with much good humour by the late Mr Dodds of the War-Office, the person to whom it chiefly refers. Andrew happened to be present at a fair or market somewhere in Teviotdale (St Boswell's, if I mistake not), where Dodds, at that time a non-commissioned officer in his majesty's service, happened also to be with a military party recruiting. It was some time during the American war, when they were beating up eagerly for fresh men, to teach passive obedience to the obdurate and ill-mannered Columbians; and it was then the practice for recruiting sergeants, after parading for a due space, with all the warlike pageantry of drums, trumpets, 'glancing blades, and gay cockades,' to declaim in heroic strains on the delights of a soldier's life—of glory, patriotism, plunder—the prospect of promotion for the bold and young, and his majesty's munificent pension for the old and the wounded, &c. &c. Dodds, who was a man of much natural talent, and whose abilities afterwards raised him to an honourable rank and independent fortune, had made one of his most

brilliant speeches on this occasion; a crowd of ardent and active rustics were standing round, gaping with admiration at the imposing mien, and kindling at the heroic eloquence of the manly soldier, whom many of them had known a few years before as a rude tailor boy; the sergeant himself, already leading in idea a score of new recruits, had just concluded, in a strain of more than usual elevation, his oration in praise of the military profession, when Gemmel, who, in tattered guise, was standing close behind him, reared aloft his *meal-pocks* on the end of his *kent* or pike-staff, and exclaimed with a tone and aspect of profound derision, 'Behold the end o' it!' The contrast was irresistible—the *beau ideal* of Sergeant Dodds, and the ragged reality of Andrew Gemmel, were sufficiently striking; and the former, with his red-coat followers, beat a retreat in some confusion, amidst the loud and universal laughter of the surrounding multitude.

Another time, Andrew went to visit one of his patrons, a poor Scottish laird, who had recently erected an expensive and fantastic mansion, of which he was very vain, and which but ill corresponded with his rank or his resources. The beggar was standing leaning over his pike-staff, and looking very attentively at the edifice, when the laird came forth and accosted him:—"Well, Andrew, you're admiring our handiworks here?" "Atweel am I, sir." "And what think ye o' them, Andrew?" "I just think ye hae thrown awa' twa bonny estates, and built a *gawk's nest*."

The same writer presents the following account of Andrew's death, from the pen of a lady of his acquaintance, who was a witness of the circumstances:—"He came to Newton in a very weakly condition, being, according to his own account, 105 years of age. The conduct of some of the country folks towards poor Andrew in his declining state, was not what it should have been: probably most of his old patrons had died out, and their more genteel descendants disliked to be fashed and burdened with a dying beggar; so every one handed him over to his next neighbour, and he was hurried from Selkirk to Newton in three days, a distance of sixteen miles. He was brought in a cart and laid down at Mr R——'s byre-door, but we never knew by whom. He was taken in, and laid as usual on his truss of straw. When we spoke of making up a bed for him, he got into a rage, and swore (as well as he was able to speak), 'That many clever fellow had died in the field with his hair frozen to the ground—and would he submit to die on any of our beds?' He did not refuse a little whisky, however, now and then: for it was but cold, in the spring, lying in an out-house among straw. A friend who was along with me, urged him to tell what cash he had about him, 'as you know,' said she, 'it has always been reported that you have money.' Andrew replied with a look of derision, 'Bow, wow, woman! women folk are aye fashing theirselves about what they hae nae business wi'.' He at length told us he had changed a note at Selkirk, and paid six shillings for a pair of shoes, which he had on him; but not a silver coin was found in all his duddy doublets—and many kind of odd-like pouch he had;—in one of them was sixpence worth of halfpence, and two combs for his silver locks, which were beautiful. His set of teeth, which he had got in his 101st year, were very white. What was remarkable, notwithstanding all the rags he had flapping about him, he was particularly clean in his old halesome looking person. He at last allowed the servants to strip off his rags and lay him in a bed, which was made up for him in a cart, in the byre. After he was laid comfortably, he often prayed, and to good purpose; but if the servants did not feed him right (for he could not lift a spoon to his mouth for several days before his death), he would give them a passing ban. He lived nine days with us, and continued quite sensible till the hour of his decease. Mr R—— got him decently buried. Old Tammy Jack, with the mickle nose, got his shoes for digging his grave in Roxburgh kirk-yard. Andrew was well known through all this country and great part of Northumberland. I suppose he was originally from the west country, but cannot speak with certainty as to that; it was, however, commonly reported that he had a nephew or some other relation in the west, who possessed a farm which Andrew had stocked for him from the profits of his begging."

Such was Andrew Gemmel, the representative of a class in Scottish society, now entirely passed away, probably never to reappear.

A CANDID CANDIDATE.

A Carolinian newspaper a few years ago contained the following genuine address of an honest gentleman who was a candidate for the office of sheriff:—"Gentlemen, I offer myself a candidate for sheriff; I have been a revolutionary officer; fought many bloody battles; suffered hunger, toil, and heat; got honourable scars, but little pay. I will tell you plainly how I shall discharge my duty, should I be so happy as to obtain a majority of your suffrages. If writs are put into my hands against any of you, I will take you if I can, and unless you can get bail, I will deliver you over to the keeper of the jail. 2d, If judgments are found against you, and executions directed to me, I will sell your property as the law directs, without favour or affection; and if there should be any surplus money, I will punctually remit it. 3d, If any of you should commit a crime (which God forbid) that requires capital punishment, according to law, I will hang you up by the neck, till you are dead."

A MAIDEN'S HUSBAND.

In imitation of a "Bachelor's Wife," printed in No. 310 of the Journal.

Not every lover shall my heart secure;
In him must marry a grace and charm combine:
His figure handsome, and complexion pure;
Stature and age not much exceeding mine:
To neither side his person shall incline;
But as Apollo he erect shall stand,
Free from all crookedness of limb or spine.
His aspect dignified shall awe command,
And fools shall shrink before the waving of his hand.

No sloven he, yet foppish not at all;
Of polished manners and genteel address;
F't equally to figure at a ball,
And to console with neighbours in distress;
Not tinctured in the least with sheepishness,
Yet from all forwardness of aspect free;
Yielding where duty claims not steadfastness,
But firm when firm his conduct ought to be:
None shall deny requests more pleasantly than he.

In business regular, attentive, fair,
Straightforward, strict, judicious, accurate;
Not led astray by speculation's glare;
Content for sure though tardy gains to wait.
Aiming at but a competent estate,
In counting-house he shall not be always;
But oft at home shall hear his children prate,
And with his funny tricks their laughter raise,
And bring them sugar-plums, and join in all their plays.

Hating extravagance, he yet shall draw
Without persuasion, from his well-filled purse,
The needful cash where'er I ope my paw,
Nor part with every shilling with a curse:
Ne'er finding fault with hiring of a nurse,
Nor grudging me a decent-looking shawl,
Nor whining, "Things go on from bad to worse—
God only knows how we're to pay for all;
Together I'll be forced my creditors to call."

A good domestic man, he shall not mix
In public strife, a selfish faction's tool;
No leading part shall play in politics,
Nor pant o'er troops of yomanry to rule:
Yet shall his patriotism not be cool
In times when principle to action calls;
Ready to give each rogue a downward pull,
And batter valiantly Corruption's walls;
Foremost in bringing aid when vanquished Virtue falls.

To church I shall not solitary go,
But ever on his willing arm shall lean;
With mercers' shops he shall familiar grow,
And sometimes with me be at market seen:
There shall I strut, majestic as a queen,
From stall to stall, with consequential air,
Inspecting leeks, and cabbage red or green;
Now purchasing a rabbit or a hare;
Now cheapening fowls and doves at twentypence a pair.

He shall not be a smoker of cigars,
Nor brutally with snuff his nose defile;
By tipping shall not breed domestic jars,
But shun the company of drunkards vile:
All worthy friends receiving with a smile,
And loving with them gay discourse to hold,
When they pop in an hour away to while:—
To them shall all his newest jokes be told,
And they their choicest budget shall in turn unfold.

A faithful, loving husband he shall be,
Clerical, confiding, unsuspicious, kind;
No peevish word e'er uttering to me,
But to my faults and imperfections blind:—
Thinking all loveliness in me combined;
All wisdom, beauty, tenderness, and grace;
All excellence of body and of mind;
Unequalled symmetry of limb and face;
A soul where every virtue he delights to trace.

To music he shall listen with delight,
And melt in rapture when I sing or play;
Thinking himself the while a lucky wight
To feast on such a banquet every day:
In choice of tunes good taste he shall display,
And with discrimination grant applause;
None with more tact a compliment shall pay
When in the middle of a song I pause;
Ne'er shall he to my notes give ear with yawning jaws.

With stores of knowledge shall his head be filled,
Derived alike from books and busy men;
In worldly modes and ways I'd have him skilled,
Nor lacking energy to wield the pen:
Strong, when assailed, to argue back again;
To plain and candid reasoning disposed,
Yet quick all arts sophistical to ken,
With understanding that has never dozed,
To him no beaten track of science shall be closed.

Yet he be not to bookworm habits prone;
Much rather would I hear his tuneful voice
In converse sweet, when we sit down alone
At eve, when sleep hath hushed the children's noise,
Oh how shall I then in his smiles rejoice,
Not failing to repay him well with mine;
How keenly shall we taste domestic joys—
Joys most of all approaching to divine—
The brightest rays celestial that on mortals shine!

Such be my chosen one—I ask no more!
With such my cup of bliss will overflow:
No troubles shall approach our happy door;
No withering blast of penury shall blow:
From day to day our happiness shall grow;
While rosy children shall around us spring,
Each striving in a righteous path to go.
They to our hearts shall peace and gladness bring,
And ever make our roof with joyful sounds to ring.

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